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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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Newport, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1872, and is now in its one hundred and sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the country, and with less than a dozen exceptions, is the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, material and general news well selected, mineral and valuable matter from the best periodicals and other states. The limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held Tuesday evening. The report of the City Clerk for the expenditures and balances for the year was read and the cost of the Thames street pavement was discussed to a considerable extent. A communication was received from Contractor Booth withdrawing his bid for the construction of the new Mumford schoolhouse. The board voted to have certain changes made in the plans and submit them to the School Committee for approval. If the plans cannot be arranged to the satisfaction of the School Committee, the whole matter must be referred back to the Representative Council; as the next lowest bid for the construction of the building is above the amount available for the school.

Finance report No. 5 was read and the following bills ordered paid from the several appropriations:

Board of Health,	\$1,000.00
Books, Stationery and Printing,	125.00
Clerk's Office,	697.44
Fire Department,	1,000.00
Incidentals,	810.86
Lighting Street,	2,000.00
Dog Fund,	1.75
Indexing and Preserving Records,	90.00
Touro Jewish Synagogue Fund,	50.00
Municipal School Fund,	20.00
Navy Pier Bldg.	1,018.00
Vanlating Council chamber,	6.00
Bidewalks, City Hall,	50.00
Serial Grounds,	62.00
Police Meetings,	12.45
Police Department,	376.16
Post Office,	242.70
Public Parks,	98.02
Public Schools,	3,000.74
Public Schools, alterations,	60.00
Streets and Highways,	2,360.62
Streets and Highways,	16,007.07
Total,	52,300.02

The monthly report of the inspector of nuisances and the quarterly reports of the chief engineer of the fire department and of the dog constable were received.

The report of the street commissioner for five weeks ending June 27 was received, showing expenditures as follows: Labor, \$11,390.65; material, \$1,078.68, total, \$12,369.24. On Thames Street pavement, for labor, \$7,260.62; material, \$22,747.27, a total of \$30,007.70.

George W. Flagg was granted a renewal of a pawnbroker's license and Louis Zipperman a renewal of a junk dealer's license. One man's license was granted and an application for a new peddler's license was referred to the chief of police.

After the transaction of some other business the board adjourned.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, Street Commissioner Sullivan presented a detailed report of the expense of laying the Thames street pavement. The amount paid out is \$50,874.09, but there is stock on hand and cash receivable from the sale of asphalt blocks from the old pavement that will reduce this amount by some \$3000. The amount appropriated by the representative council for this purpose was \$50,000.

The regular weekly pay rolls and a few bills were approved. A communication from C. M. Ostrichter regarding the increase in his taxes was referred to the representative council. A number of applications for licenses were granted. The appointment of James M. Barker and Isaac W. Barker as special policemen was approved.

The board held a conference with the architect of the new Mumford school in executive session, regarding a modification of the plans to bring them within the amount of the appropriation. The plans when modified will be submitted to the school committee for their approval.

The body of the late William B. Leeds, who died in Paris some weeks ago, arrived in New York on Tuesday on steamship Kroesprins Wilhelm and funeral services were held from his late residence on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lull and Miss Lull have gone abroad to spend the summer.

Lawn Fete.

Large Crowd Visit Oakland Farm—Many Prominent Summer Cottagers Assist in Making the Fete Success—Gaudy Sun Roasted for St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth.

Wednesday was an ideal day for the lawn fete at Oakland Farm, Portsmouth, given by St. Mary's Guild for the benefit of St. Mary's Church, in Portsmouth. Through the hospitality of Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who is abroad, the entire grounds at Oakland Farm were turned over for the fair. The grounds were crowded with people, from Newport, Providence, Fall River and other places, and thousands of people took this opportunity to inspect this beautiful estate. On entering the grounds the various booths were easily found, so there were signs on the trees stating the location of each. There was some beautiful fancy work on sale, as well as candy, cigars, ice cream, cake, flowers, and lemonade. On the plaza of the house, sandwiches and tea were served by Mrs. Reginald G. Vanderbilt, assisted by a number of prominent society women, who were kept busy the entire afternoon. On the grounds near the main entrance ice cream was served at small tables. Those who took a trip through the woods found plenty to amuse themselves. A moving picture theatre, under the charge of Mr. F. H. Wewell, was one of the attractions. A platform was there to read the future and tell the past to those who sought this pastime. James H. Barney, Jr., & Co. had a Victor talking machine on the grounds, which was operated by Mr. Benjamin G. Ordish and Mr. Frank H. Hale, and this proved an interesting spot to all lovers of this music. A sail ship was served in the grove until 8 o'clock and this was liberally patronized. Three bands were stationed on the grounds, rendering excellent music throughout the afternoon and evening. There was plenty of amusement both for the young and the old. One of the most interesting places visited was the stable, containing many beautiful show horses. Adjoining this was the training ring, which to many was a novel sight.

The fete was a success in every respect and a goodly sum was realized.

Newport's Needs.

The new hotel project is dormant at present. When work gets light again talk of a new hotel will revive. That Newport needs a new up-to-date hotel goes without saying. If we only had the accommodations there would be numerous large conventions held here every summer. At least thirty conventions with a national membership could have been brought here this year with good hotels and a convention hall. When will the people of Newport wake up to their needs?

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Evelyn Walsh, to Mr. Edward R. McLean, son of Mr. John R. McLean of Cincinnati and Washington, proprietor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Washington Post. Miss Walsh is well known in Newport, where her father and his family occupied "Beaufield" on Bellevue avenue during the summer of 1905, when her only brother, Vernon Walsh, was killed in an automobile accident near Easton's Beach, and she was seriously injured. Both of them became very popular while in Newport and the terrible accident cast a gloom not alone among the summer colony, but throughout the community.

The Newport Directory for 1908 has made its appearance. It is as usual a well-printed work. It contains this year 10,650 names which is 95 less than last year. This would seem to indicate that Newport had lost in population since last year. The probabilities are that such is the case. There has not been much business here to cause an increase. All the New Haven shops are doing much less work here than they were a year ago. Owing also to the dull building employment many mechanics have left the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hall have the sympathy of their friends in the loss of their ten-year-old son, Robert Alfred, who died Saturday morning, having been ill about six months. He was a great favorite with all who knew him. Funeral services were held from his parent's residence, on West street, Monday afternoon and were largely attended. Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., assisted by Rev. Oscar F. Moore, officiated. The interment was in the Brainerd Cemetery.

The flags of the Newport Reading Room and the Admiral Thomas Camp, Spanish War Veterans, were at half mast the past week, the former on account of the death of John G. Hecksher and the latter on account of the death of Admiral Thomas.

Mrs. Belle Neilson has gone abroad to spend the summer.

Independence Day.

Newport Had a Fine Celebration and Everything Passed off Without a Hitch—The Climax.

To Mayor William P. Clarke and Alderman William Shepley belongs the credit of having given to Newport one of the best celebrations of Independence Day that it has ever known. The programme as arranged to advantage was carried out without a hitch and it was a day long to be remembered for a national and interesting celebration.

There were events to hold the attention of all, the varied tastes of the multitude being catered to carefully. In the first place there was a fine street parade, one that could hardly be equalled outside of Newport, composed almost entirely of the regular army and navy of the government stations here. Both branches of the service did themselves proud by turning out a large number of men drilled down to the last detail, and the effect was inspiring in the extreme.

A fine feature of the parade was the exhibition of floats prepared by the men of the Torpedo Station. The first float represented Uncle Sam and his empire and was remarkably striking.

Three men posed as the "Spirit of '76," reproducing the famous picture, while other poses on the same boat portrayed the various island possessions of the United States. The second float showed torpedoes, mines and other apparatus used for harbor defence. Both floats were greeted with much applause as they passed over the route of march.

The procession was really the first feature of the day's celebration, as the ringing of the church bells had been omitted from the programme. The procession started promptly at 10 o'clock and as the men marched at a quick step in spite of the warm weather it did not take long to cover the route of march.

In the afternoon there was an interesting list of sports at Morton Park in which there was keen competition for every prize. There was a large audience and much interest was displayed in the various events. In the early evening the water sports took place in the harbor, the programme including boat races and swimming races. All were hotly contested and there was a large crowd on the water front to see them.

The crowning event of the day was the display of fireworks at the Beach. The weather had been threatening for some time and the sky was overcast, but no rain fell and even the fog did not close in very heavily. The fireworks were sent off from the hill at the west of the Beach, and everyone had a fine opportunity to see them. There was an immense crowd at the dock to see her. Every stateroom was taken for Sunday night and the berths, floors, and chairs were used for sleeping purposes by those who were unable to secure their staterooms.

Mr. R. T. Wilson was brought to Newport on Thursday, having made the trip here on the steam yacht North Star. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and his two daughters, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Goetzl and Lady Herbert, and his physician. Mr. Wilson was taken to the home of Mrs. Goetzl on his arrival here. He has been in poor health for the past three months, but stood the journey to Newport remarkably well.

THE CINCINNATI. For those who wished to perpetuate those features of the day that call to mind the valiant deeds of the early days of the nation, the observance by the Society of the Cincinnati filled every need.

At the annual business meeting of the society, Saturday morning, President Ann Bird Gardner presided and five new members were elected as follows: Ellsworth Everett Dwight, Alfred Lee Loomis, Phillip Livingston, Rev. Lucien W. Rogers, and John Prince Hazen Perry. The following officers were elected.

President—Ann Bird Gardner, New York.

Vice President—Charles Warren Lippitt, Providence.

Secretary—George W. Olney, New York.

Assistant Secretary—Thomas Arnold Pierce, East Greenwich.

Treasurer—William Debon King, Marionet, Mass.

Assistant Treasurer—General Richard Stevens, Boston.

Chaplain—Rev. Henry Barton Chapman, New York.

Marshal—Oliver Hazard Perry, New York.

The public commemorative exercises were held in the afternoon and were well attended. After prayer by Rev. William Wallace Greene, President Ann Bird Gardner delivered the introductory address. Col. William P. Sheffield read the Declaration of Independence, and Albert Ross Parsons sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill." Mr. Charles Beatty Alexander delivered the oration on "The Cincinnati and its Future." The exercises closed with the singing of America by all present.

The annual banquet of the society was held at the Newport Casino in the evening, fifty-four persons sitting down to an excellent dinner. President Ann Bird Gardner presided and proposed the following toast:

"The State of Rhode Island," Governor Charles Warren Lippitt; "The Order of the Cincinnati," Hon. Bradford Prince of New York; "The American Army," Brigadier General William Ennis, U. S. A.; "The American Navy," Rear Admiral John P. Merrill, U. S. N.; "The Continental Army," Rev. Daniel Good-

win, D. D.; "The Society of the Cincinnati," Hon. Ann Bird Gardner; "The Patriotic Society of America," William Warner Hopper; "The American Flag, the Emblem of Liberty Throughout the World," Oliver Hazard Perry; "The Battle of Rhode Island," Professor William MacDonald of Brown University; "Glorious Fourth of 1776," Hon. John P. Sanborn; "Perpetual Peace and Happiness to the United States of America," Dr. Ebenezer Moore Flagg of Nantucket, Mass. The final toast, "The Memory of Major General Nathanael Greene and all who have fallen in the defense of America," was drunk standing and in silence.

The members of the society were entertained at luncheon at noon by Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt at his handsome residence, "The Breakwater."

The day passed off without a hitch, of any kind. There were a few minor accidents, but there was not an alarm of fire during the day. There were many strangers in town and there would undoubtedly have been more if it had been known outside that Newport was to have such an interesting celebration.

George Harrington, an employe at "Oakland Farm," was drowned at Sandy Point Farm Monday evening. He was enjoying a swim in company with a number of friends and was taken with cramps. His companions were unable to reach him in time, as he was out a considerable distance. He was an excellent swimmer but was unable to help himself. Harrington was an honorably discharged soldier from Fort Adams and had only been employed at the farm about a week. He was about 29 years of age and it was learned that he had a brother and a sister. They were quickly communicated with and as soon as the body was recovered it was sent to Philadelphia.

The new steamer Commonwealth is proving herself one of the most popular boats on the Fall River Line. There were thousands of people on the dock at Fall River Sunday night when she left the wharf and during the walk to Newport red fire was burst all along the shore in her honor. When she arrived in Newport there was an immense crowd at the dock to see her. Every stateroom was taken for Sunday night and the berths, floors, and chairs were used for sleeping purposes by those who were unable to secure their staterooms.

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Joseph Lee, a conductor of the Old Colony road, while fixing a trolley on top of one of the cars at the car barn on Sunday, received a shock which threw him to the ground. He was taken to the hospital, where it was found no bones were broken, but he was badly bruised by the fall.

Captain John Wilkes died at Charlotte, N. C., on Monday, where he had been engaged in business since the Mexican War. He was a classmate of Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce of this city.

Mr. Benjamin F. Blum underwent an operation for some throat trouble at one of the Boston Hospitals on Tuesday. It is reported that he is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. Pembroke Jones, who has been making extensive improvements to his villa on Bellevue avenue, has changed the name from "Fledheim" to "Sherwood," in honor of one of his ancestors.

Mr. H. F. Eldridge has been re-appointed a member of the Park Commission for five years by Mayor Clarke. This is Mr. Eldridge's third appointment.

The Newport Military Band gave the first of the summer park concerts at Battery Park Tuesday evening when a large crowd was present to hear the music.

Mr. Edgar S. Marsh, who has been in the employ of Mr. William E. Brightman for the past six years, has started in business for himself.

Mr. J. Powell Cozens, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday, is steadily improving.

Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and Mrs. Straus were in Newport the past week.

Mr. James J. Van Alen is enjoying a two weeks' fishing trip in Canadian waters.

Mrs. Philip S. Taggart of New York is spending the summer in Newport, at the Twinbeare cottage, on Broadway.

Recent Deaths.

Seth Anthony.

Mr. Seth Anthony died at his home in Portsmouth Sunday morning in the fifty-first year of his age. He had not been in good health for a long time and about two weeks ago his sickness assumed a serious nature and he rapidly declined. He had been in the employ of Mr. William E. Brightman for some time and was well known to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. He was of a quiet nature, but was well liked by all who knew him.

Mr. Anthony was a Past Master of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, A. F. & A. M., of Portsmouth, and a member of Aquidneck Chapter, R. A. M., and Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T. He was a son of the late George and Lucy A. Anthony and resided with his sisters, Maser Abbie and Katie G. Anthony, in Portsmouth.

Funeral services were held at St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, Wednesday morning and were largely attended. Rev. Mr. Goodman, rector of St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, officiated. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The Masonic ritual was conducted at the grave by Eureka Lodge.

Mrs. Charles G. Gilliat.

Mrs. Eleanor Maria Gilliat, wife of Rev. Charles G. Gilliat, died at her home on Rhode Island avenue on Friday evening of last week. Although she had been in poor health for a long time her death came suddenly and was a shock to her relatives and friends.

She was well known to a wide circle of people. Her husband, Dr. Gilliat, was rector at St. George's Church for a long time, retiring some years ago. Since that time they had made Newport their home.

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THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON,
Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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Chapter II

THE CLASSROOMS OF WASHINGTON.

THIS girl with the white plumed hat started and dashed slightly, and her brother glanced over his shoulder toward the restaurant door to see what had attracted her attention.

"I must say I like his persistence!" exclaimed the young fellow, turning again to the table. "In America should call him out and punch his head, but over here?"

"Over here you have better manners," replied the girl, laughing. "Ring who's trouble yourself? He doesn't even look at us. We are of no importance to him whatever. We probably speak a different language."

"But he travels by the same train; he stops at the same inns; he sits near us at the theater—he even affects the same pictures in the same galleries. It's growing a little monotonous. It's really uncomfortable. I think I shall have to try my stick on him."

"You flatter yourself, Richard," mocked the girl. "He's fully your height and a trifle broader across the shoulders. The lines about his mouth are almost gone. I should say, quite—as firm manners, though he is a younger man. His eyes are nice blue ones, and they are very steady. His hair is—the hand to reflect and tilted her head slightly, her eyes wandering for an instant to the subject of her comment—light brown. I should call it. And he is beardless, as all self respecting men should be."

She rested her cheek against her tightly clasped hands and sighed deeply.

 "Shirley, every time the fellow unbuttons his coat."

him, and we might even go straight together—the three of us, with you as the watchful chaperon. You forget how I have worked for you, Dick. I took great chances in forcing an acquaintance with those frosty English people at Florence just because you were crazy about the swarthy blond who wore the frightful hats. I wash my hands of you hereafter. Your taste in girls is horrible."

"Your girl has been affected by reading these fake kingdom romances, where a rascally prince gives up home and mother and his country to marry the usual beautiful American girl who travels about having silly adventures. I belong to the Know Nothing party—America for Americans and only white men on guard!"

The young American greeted the newcomer cordially. A waiter placed

a chair for him and took his hat. Arthur Singleton was an American, though he had lived abroad so long as to have lost his identity with any particular city or state of his native land. He had been an attaché of the American embassy at London for many years. Administrations changed and ambassadors came and went, but Singleton was never molested. It was said that he kept his position on the score of his wide acquaintances; he knew every one, and he was a great peddler of gossip, particularly about people in high station.

The children of Hilton Clalborne were not to be overlooked. He would impress himself upon them, as was his way, for he was sincerely social by instinct and would go far to do a kindness for people he really liked.

"Ah well, you have arrived opportunely, Miss Clalborne. There's mystery in the air—the great Stroebel is here—under this very roof and in a dreadfully bad humor. He is a dangerous man—a very dangerous man, but falling fast. Poor Austral Count Ferdinand von Stroebel can have no successor. He's only a sort of hold-over from the nineteenth century, and with him and his empire out of the way—what! For my part I see only dark days ahead." And he concluded with a little sigh that implied crashing thrones and falling dynasties.

The reader of the *New Freie Presse* remarked DICK, "by which looks I argue that he's some sort of a Dutchman. He's probably a traveling agent for a Vienna glass factory or a druggist for a cheap wine house or the agent for a Munich brewery. That would account for his travels. We simply fall in with his commercial itinerary."

"You seem to hurry, brother, that my charms are not in themselves sufficient, but a commercial traveler hardly commands that air of repose, that distaste, that air of having been places and seen things and known people!"

"Trish! I have seen American book agents who had all that, even the air of having been places! Your instincts ought to serve you better, Shirley. It's well that we go on tomorrow. I shall warn mother and the governor that that man gives him apparently not the slightest concern."

"He has a sense of humor," the girl retorted. "I saw him yesterday."

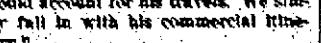
"You're always seeing him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Don't intercept me, please. As I was saying, I saw him hanging over the Filigree Blister."

"That's no sign he has a sense of humor. It rather proves that he hasn't. I'm disappointed in you, Shirley. To think that my own sister should be able to tell the color of a wandering blackguard's eyes!"

He struck a match violently, and his sister laughed.

"I might add to his portrait. That blue and white scarf is real beautiful, and his profile would be splendid."

 "It was an overstatement."

He was a scoundrel. I believe from his nose the man is English, after all," she added, with a drawing air assumed to add to her decided impudence.

"Which doesn't help the mother particularly that I can tell!" exclaimed the young man. "With a full bosom held prettily back like a Southern belle. If I thought she was really pursuing her in this deadly mysterious way I should certainly give him a piece of my American mind. You might suppose that a girl would be safe traveling with her."

"Is there your fault, Dick?" laughed the girl. "You know our parents dear ones with us when we died began to talk about him—when we died—and now that we are alone he continues to follow us and just the same. He's really disgusting, and if you were a good brother you'd find out all about him."

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the high, and he called his old shop till he could play with it and swap it about him like a whip."

Shirley Clalborne had been out of college a year and afforded a pleasant refutation of the dull theory that advanced education destroys a girl's charm or buoyancy, or whatever it is that is so greatly admired in young womanhood. She gave forth the impression of vitality and strength. She was beautifully fair, with a high color that accentuated her youthfulness. Her brown hair, caught up from her brow in the fashion of the early years of the century, flushed gold in sunlight.

Much of Shirley's childhood had been spent in the Virginia hills, where Judge Clalborne had long maintained a refuge from the heat of Washington. From childhood she had read the calendar of spring as it was written upon the landscape itself. Her fingers found by instinct the first arbutus. She knew where the white violet shone first upon the rough bread of the hillsides, and particular patches of Rhododendron hid for her the infinite interest of private gardens.

As the Clalbornes lingered at their table a short stout man stepped from the door and advanced bumptiously. "Well, your friend, Richard, has come to call again," he declared, unfolding the newspaper.

"Know what, Dick?"

"At least what our friend without a country is so interested in?"

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THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STOMACH.

Upon Its Condition Depends Happiness or Misery.

Perhaps one of the most frequent complaints of the stomach is constipation of the bowels, or indigestion complaints.

When your food gets so solidly in your stomach that nature refuses to remove it, and usually resort to some coarse physic which, while offering you some relief, acts no suddenly on the parts affected as to shock and weaken them.

THE BOWELS. Like a baby, home to work properly must be coaxed, and gradually urged to perform their functions.

The soothing action of that great kidney and liver medicine, DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, is gentle and delicate, yet its relief is immediate and effective.

It is of importance to every individual to use a proper remedy for **CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS.** The thousands of grateful testimonials, from both sexes, who have been completely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, is the best evidence of the POWER AND MERIT of this wonderful medicine.

Druggists sell it in Newell 50 cent sizes and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottles, enough for trial, free to mail. Dr. David Kennedy's Best Remedy from our Dr. Bryan, 50c and 100c sizes.

FALL RIVER LINE
FOR NEW YORK

TICKETS

SOUTH & WEST

Palatial Steamers Priscilla and Puritan

In commission.

Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.

FROM NEWPORT—Leave week days at 12 m., 2 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.; 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave 11 a.m., North River, noon, 12 m., 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m.

Tickets and information at New York & Boston Dispatch Express office, 223 Thames street, J. J. Greene, Ticket Agent; also at **Brown's** wharf, Jamestown, Billionaire Brown, Agent.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

G. B. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

P. O. COLBY, A. G. P. A., New York.

Fall River Line

The New Yorker

COMMONWEALTH,

Largest and most magnificent vessel in American waters, will be in service on this line on July first. As elegant in decorations and furnishings as the most palatial hotel on land.

Best Way to New York.

New York, New Haven

& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train services at all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of the company.

Time Table in Effect June 16, 1908.
Leave Newport for Fall River at 6:00 a.m., 7:00, 8:30 a.m., then every 15 minutes to 6:00 p.m., then half hourly to 10:30 with last car leaving at 11:15 p.m.
Leave Fall River for Newport at 6:00 a.m., then every half hour to 8:00, then every 15 minutes to 7:00 p.m., then half hourly to 11:30 p.m.
Leave Fall River for Island Park only every 15 minutes from 7:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.
On Sunday first car will leave Newport at 7:00 a.m. and Fall River at 8:30 a.m., otherwise running as on week days.

W. G. BIERD, Gen'l Bus'n't.

A. H. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

(Newport & Fall River Division.)

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Subject to change without notice.

GEORGE F. BEIRER,
General Superintendent.C. L. BISHOP,
Division Superintendent.

"Is the room disinfected?"

"Yes, mother, and I have sterilized the curtains, deodorized the furniture, re-painted all the fixtures, vaporized the air, washed my lips in an antiseptic solution, and—"

"Have you repainted the millettoes?"

"Thoroughly, mother; everything is done. Arthur is waiting now in the hydrogen room."

"Then you may go in and let him kiss you, dear!"—Lipstick's.

First New Yorker—I'm thinking of opening a bank account.

Second New Yorker—Can you afford it?

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

rope." The Claphorn saw nothing of Armitage. Dick asked for him in the hotel and found that he had gone, but would return in a few days.

It was on the morning of the fourth day that Armitage appeared suddenly at the hotel as Dick and his sister waited for carriage to carry them to their train. He had just returned, and they met by the narrowest margin. He walked with them to the door of the Monte Rosa.

"We are running for the King Edward and hope for a day in London before we sail. Perhaps we shall see you one of these days in America," said Claphorn, with some malice. "It must be confessed, for his master's benefit."

"That is possible. I am very fond of Washington," responded Armitage carelessly.

"Of course you will take us up," persisted Dick. "I shall be at Fort Myer for awhile, and it will always be a pleasure."

Claphorn turned, for a last word with the porter about their baggage, and Armitage stood talking to Shirley, who had already entered the carriage. "Oh, is there any news of Count von Strobel's assassin?" she asked, noting the newspaper that Armitage held in his hand.

"Nothing. It's a very mysterious and puzzling affair."

"It's horrible to think such a thing possible. He was a wonderful old man. But very likely they will find the murderer."

"Yes; undoubtedly."

"The secret police will scour Europe in pursuit of the assassin," she observed.

"Yes," replied Armitage gravely.

"The truth will be known before we sail, no doubt," said Shirley. "The assassin may be here in Geneva by this time."

"That is quite likely," said John Armitage, with unbroken gravity. "In fact, I rather expect him here or I should be leaving today myself."

He bowed and made way for the impatient Claphorn, who gave his hand to Armitage hastily and jumped into the carriage.

"Your invitation cut glass drummer has nearly caused us to miss our train. Thank the Lord, we've seen the last of that fellow!"

Shirley said nothing, but gazed out of the window with a wondering look in her eyes. And on the way to Liverpool she thought often of Armitage's last words. "I rather expect him here or I should be leaving today myself," he had said.

She was not sure whether, if it had not been for those words, she would have thought of him again at all. She remembered him as he stood framed in the carriage door—his gravity, his fine ease, the impression he gave of great physical strength and of resources of character and courage.

And so Shirley Claphorn left Geneva, not knowing the curious web that fate had woven for her nor how those last words spoken by Armitage at the carriage door were to link her to strange adventures at the very threshold of her American home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Funerals in Peru.

According to social usage, women in Peru cannot attend funerals unless they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets, the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty bier, drawn by two, four or six horses, according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot, with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence of respect to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave those who attend the funeral are brought home in carriages.

He Followed the Water.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked a wanderer at the rear door of a suburban house one morning recently.

"Poor old sailor!" echoed the housewife, who had opened the door.

"Yes'm, I followed the water for twenty years."

"Well," said the lady as she slammed the door in the face of her unwelcome visitor, "all I've got to say is you certainly don't look as though you had ever caught it!"—London Answer.

Alexandria, Egypt.

All correspondents with Egypt in all parts of the world should be warned that it is necessary to put the word "Egypt" on all communications addressed to Alexandria, as a great deal of trouble and annoyance has been caused owing to communications addressed to the Egyptian city being diverted to Scotland, Canada, New South Wales, Cape Colony, Italy, the United States of America and other countries where towns of the same name exist—Egyptian Gazette, Alexandria.

The Berliner.

On the theory that might goes before right the Berliner lights his way past old ladies and tired women into crowded tram cars and ruthlessly jostles from his path the passerby in the streets with an obstinate insolence that goads the visitor accustomed to the higher civilization of other capitals to impotent fury.—Berlin Cor. London Outlook.

A Good Carriage.

Never neglect to go through some daily exercises which will keep the muscles in order, the head erect, the shoulders well thrown back. Carriage stands you in good stead even in old age.

Not Particular as to Weapons.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffling scornfully as she said, "We're not our custom to serve a patron with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise. "Then bring me an axe."

First New Yorker—I'm thinking of opening a bank account.

Second New Yorker—Can you afford it?

Third New Yorker—

Folk; the Foe of Boodlers

Achievements of Missouri's Courageous Governor, Who Started a National Anti-Graft Crusade and is a Presidential Possibility—Clean Cut, Resolute and Always in Earnest.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON, Esq.
HE who violates the law is not a Democrat; he is a criminal," said Joseph W. Folk in the beginning of his career. Missouri has adopted both Folk and his motto. The time is certain to come—and the sooner the better—when the entire nation will also adopt the motto. Will it, too, adopt the man?

Up till the time it became plain that Bryan was in the field for a third nomination Folk was one of the most promising Democratic candidates. Since then he has not permitted his friends to talk of him. Nevertheless Joseph W. Folk is still a presidential possibility. No man who has done the work he has done and who has won the universal esteem that he has won is safe from political lightning.

Folk's fight on the grafters and his appeal to the conscience of the nation have won him a place in American history that will endure. To stand for moral advancement, to uphold private and public honesty, to break up a nest of crooks calling itself a political machine, to send rich and powerful criminals to jail and to start an anti-graft crusade that has spread throughout the country—to do these things is more than merely to be elected president.

These are not the only achievements of Governor Folk. He has killed the lobby in his state, has had the courage to enforce the Sunday closing and

him in many ways, among others in respect for his own word and for other people's property.

Battle Too Real For Badnage.

Folk gave the word "grafter" a new significance. He made it apparent that a millionaire crook can be sent to jail if the prosecutor is sufficiently earnest. The one thing needed by the American people is to cease regarding a crook as a joke, and the bigger the crook the bigger the joke. There is too much truth in Tom Lawson's indictment of the people that they only stand and grin at the efforts to save them from their enemies. A crook is never a joke; he is a menace. The battle against dishonesty is too real for badnage. The sense of humor is a good and wholesome thing so long as it does not descend to the frivolous and the flippant. There are times when laughter is out of place; when a girl reveals either a knave or a fool. It is time that this people got in earnest about the stock gamblers, manipulators, political bosses and official bribe-takers who are stealing elections and robbing industry.

Somebody ought to write a platform consisting of four words, "Down with the crooks!"

That may not be a very elegant slogan, but it fits the needs of the case. The battle against organized rascality is not apt to be a pink tea affair. It will require something more than dilettante.

In this day of busy divorce courts

and "affinity" dementia it is refreshing to find so many of our public men with clean and wholesome homo lives. That of Governor Folk is especially commendable. He and Mrs. Folk, who was a Miss Gertrude Glass, were childhood playmates. She is quite as modest and retiring as he, but takes a keen interest in political affairs and counsels with him on every important move.

Not Yet Forty.

While not classed as an orator, Governor Folk has great power with a jury or an audience because of his sincerity, his ability in finding the weak point of his adversary and of going to the heart of a question and of telling the truth graft as in exposing political graft.

Through the coming battle of this people against the combinations of crooks Folk will be in his element.

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Quick Witted.

Despite the fact that he is a very earnest individual, Governor Folk has a quick wit and a keen appreciation of humor. He tells a good story and enjoys one at his own expense. Here is one he used to tell that still may be new to most readers:

A colored man was haled into court for some trivial offense. When his case was reached the clerk frightened the prisoner almost into spasms by reading in a loud voice, "The state of Missouri against John Jones."

"Guilty or not guilty?" said the judge.

Poor John Jones arose, with trembling limbs and bulging eyes.

"Well, yo' honah," he gasped, "ef de whole state of Missouri is agin dis pore nigga I gwine to give up right now!"

Folk is almost as much of a Chautauqua favorite as his friend Bryan; the following story shows:

A bootblack of an Illinois Chautauqua assembly was asked:

"Who was the greatest lecturer on the programme this year?"

"Governor Folk" was the reply.

"Why do you think Governor Folk the greatest lecturer?"

"Why, sir, I made \$2.25 the day he was here."

That the Folk features are fairly well known was rather startlingly illustrated some years ago. A letter postmarked at Randolph, N. Y., reached the governor at Jefferson City on schedule time, although the only address was a pen sketch of his face and the single word "Missouri". Mr. Folk said it was not an exact likeness, but it was enough like him to find him without delay.

The brightest hope of this country is found in the clean minded, brave hearted young men of the Roosevelt, Bryan, La Follette and Folk types. They may not all be presidents, but they can all do valiant battle for common honesty, common decency and the people's rights. Strong to their arms!

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A roundabout reply.

"Darling," said a young husband, "what would you do if I should die? Tell me!"

"Please don't suggest such a thing," was

Founded by Franklin in 1794.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANDBURG, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone
Home Telephone

Saturday, July 11, 1908.

An eighty-seven minutes' yell must have been a good test of the lung power of the Bryan following in the far West. The crowd must have been mighty dry afterwards. The beer shop of Denver must be reaping a harvest.

The interest in New England in the Bryan Convention in Denver the past week has not been great. It has been looked upon as a contesty shindy. It made no difference what the outcome might be, Taft's election is settled really.

President Roosevelt can run most anything or thinks he can, or advise others how to do it, but when he undertakes to advise President Kilgore how to run a college he gets up against some one who knows more than he does—in that line at least.

Signs of returning business prosperity are getting more numerous every day. With the election of Taft and Sherman assured people may reasonably look for a repetition of the great business activity that sprung up under the wise and conservative McKinley administration.

The Union Trust Company of Providence has anticipated the payment of the second payment of 10 per cent. by their month which shows that the new bank is in a prosperous condition. The payment was made this week but there was no rush on the part of the trustees to draw the money.

The Democratic convention reassembled at 12 o'clock on Friday, and at 5 o'clock they were no nearer a nomination for Vice President than at the time of assembling. The leading candidates at that time were Harrison and Towne of New York, Folk and Franklin of Missouri, James of Kentucky, McNeil of Connecticut, and McRae of Illinois.

It is curious if not sad to comment on the Democratic party to think that with a bare majority that it may succeed in November business is at once depressed. When the Republicans prospects brighten their business begins to boom. If it were not for the specter of Bryan and his cohorts better world by this time have been far advanced towards its former pre-war condition.

Ex-Governor George H. Uster denies emphatically the story set on foot by the Providence Journal that he is to be a candidate for State Senator from Woonsocket this fall. While Governor Uster would make a good Senator, with Woonsocket is well represented now, and has been for several years past, to the upper branch of the State Legislature by Senator Louis W. Arnold. There would seem to be no good reason for a change.

The highest priced newspaper editor in the World is Arthur Brisbane, who has for some years just been the editor-in-chief of Hearst's paper at a salary of \$100,000 a year. It is understood that he has lately thrown up his job. The reason for the change is not made public. While Brisbane has heretofore faithfully carried out Hearst's policies he has all along been a well known secret that he was not in sympathy with them.

Since President Mellen and the New Haven Road have had possession of the old Central of New England road, known as the Poughkeepsie Bridge contestants have entirely changed and the traffic over that line has increased ten-fold. A United wags said of that road some years back that a "man couldn't make his family up under a big tree by the Poughkeepsie bridge for a single minute and most wholly undisturbed except occasionally when the poor old bridge and the Central of New England would squeak when the merrymakers got a little too heavy."

It is gratifying to the political leaders of today fully appreciate the judgment of Burden and that a continuation of the Burden policy under a more deliberate administration of the laws, as they exist, may more fully accomplish what was originally intended. In the event of the election of Mr. Taft, the country may feel sure that nothing of a radical nature will be attempted, and that greater deliberation will be given to every projected measure for the good of the people. In other words, the progressives and the conservatives, uniting and making the election of the good year or two will give way to a sane and administrative of the laws.

The Providence Journal has made up its ticket for the Republican party the next of Parker and Burdick for Governor and Lieutenant Governor and selected it the Newport ticket. Now it is safe to say that no one in Newport ever had anything to do with making up this or any other ticket for the fall campaign, and probably never thought what all they read in the above named paper. Not but what that would be a good ticket, for both gentlemen are thoroughly experienced in State affairs, but it is altogether too early to say the weather is hot, and will stay so. The company employs over 3000 men in New York, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

Automobiles' Insolence.

(Providence Tribune.)

The other day a young man of Providence whose mental condition, as far as known, does not give him the poor excuse of irresponsibility, having been arrested in a motor car for driving his motor car at a dangerous rate, in topless driving, drove to the police station at a speed in excess of the legal limit; and, on being released by payment of fine, was in a short time again arrested for repetition of the offence in the next town. Such instant defiance of law and public sentiment is, it may be hoped, somewhat exceptional. But it is not uncharacteristic of disposition and temper among a considerable number of hood automobiles which, if not stopped, must result in even more stringent laws and still more rigorous enforcement.

The law as passed by the last General Assembly is stringent enough to cover the case of the youth and all others who are disposed to be reckless in the use of machines. The penalty for exceeding the speed limit or for reckless driving is plain. On the first offense, the sum exceeding two hundred dollars or imprisonment not more than thirty days; for second offense, fine not more than five hundred dollars or imprisonment not more than sixty days; for third offense, within one year, imprisonment for not more than thirty days. In this last case the judge has no option. If the law is broken three times in any one year, the culprit must go to jail. And furthermore, he is disqualified from obtaining another license for two years. It will be well for all those who have been in the habit of deliberately exceeding the speed limit to read the new law carefully and thereby save themselves the danger of bringing up in jail by and by. The utmost speed limit allowed in the country districts where there is a clear road is 25 miles an hour. In the cities and thickly settled portions of the country the limit is 15 miles an hour. A word to the wise ought to save them some trouble. On those who are not disposed to be wise, words are wasted.

A Big Blot.

Wedding of Miss Ruthen to Mr. Bill.

The marriage of Miss Martha Ruthen, younger daughter of David Buffum, to Perry C. Hill, of Grayling, Michigan, took place at her father's farm on Prudence Island on Wednesday, at 11 o'clock. The wedding was simple and informal, only the more immediate relatives and a few friends being present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James Austin Richards, of the United Congregational Church, Newport. Miss Laura Buffum, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Charles Raymond, of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, was the best man. A few special friends and relatives of the bride, who were visiting her at the house, included Mrs. Edith Nichols, of Richmond, Indiana; Miss Mary Holliday, of Indianapolis, Indiana; Miss Alice Dillingham of Englewood, New Jersey; Miss Letta Skaghton of New York, and Miss Margaret Buffum, of Newport. The other guests came on the day of the marriage in launches from Newport, Jamestown and Bristol.

Prudence Island.

During the vacation of the pastor,

Rev. Harold H. Critchlow, the latter

part of July, the services of the Metho-

dodical Episcopal Church, which have

been held at the town hall, will be dis-

continued for two weeks. They will be

resumed the first Sunday in August.

The Phi Upsilon Society, a society

of the Rhode Island Normal School, is

camping this week at "White Cap Col-

ony," Minnewaska Brook. The fra-

ternity includes some thirty members

and members among them four young

ladies from Newport and two from

Middleboro. The party is chaperoned

by Mrs. Dorchester of Providence, and

Mrs. Johnson of Vermont, parents of

the members, and "open house" will

be the rule of the week.

St. George's Guild will hold its an-

ual fair for the benefit of the Berkele-

Memorial Chapel at St. George's

School during the full moon in Au-

gust.

The members of the Methodist Epis-

copal church are to again hold their

annual clambake at the Bayview Farm

this year. The new grounds were

somewhat in the nature of an exper-

iment last year and proved so satisfactory

that the arrangements proved inade-

quate to accommodate the unusually

large gathering. This year, ample

provision will be made to accom-

modate all who may come. The

grounds are easy of access from Fall-

River as well as Newport, the East

Main Road electric passing the farm,

and the location is an ideal spot for an

outing. The bake is to occur on the

third Wednesday in August, the 15th.

The third and fourth degrees were

administered to a class of three candidates

on Thursday evening at the regu-

lar meeting of Aquidneck Grange

held at the town hall. There was also

a short patriotic program given by the

various members followed by light refreshments. At the next meeting,

July 28th, the program of Jane Bick

which was postponed on account of

Circus Day, will be presented under

the title of "Godlessness" Night by

Miss Mabel Nichols as Astoria, Miss

Mary Manchester as Pomona, and

Miss Florence Smith as Flora.

A Worthy Cause.

Rev. H. N. Jeter, D. D., has been pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church in this city for 33 consecutive years. The church is now preparing to celebrate the 40th anniversary of its organization and the 80th of the pastor's settlement. These services will begin Sunday, July 19th, and last 8 evenings. The pastor and members are striving very hard to clear the church and Parish House of a mortgage debt of \$2000 and a hosting debt of \$1000. They are being greatly encouraged by the assistance offered them by the citizens.

The concert that is to be held in the Opera House on the 27th inst. for the benefit of the church promises to be one of the finest ever given in Newport. The best musical talent in the city has been secured.

If Pastor Jeter's plan were successful the \$3000 will be raised and at the close of the anniversary they will be able to burn the mortgages. Some of the members are contributing from \$1 to \$50. They are also appealing to the friends of a worthy cause to assist them.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe sold to Dr. Jeter the other day that it would be a great thing for him and his church if at the close of his 33 years pastorate his church could be cleared of all indebtedness. At the same time she made a liberal donation for the cause.

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tory that the arrangements proved inade-

quate to accommodate the unusually

large gathering. This year, ample

provision will be made to accom-

modate all who may come. The

grounds are easy of access from Fall-

River as well as Newport, the East

Main Road electric passing the farm,

and the location is an ideal spot for an

outing. The bake is to occur on the

third Wednesday in August, the 15th.

The third and fourth degrees were

administered to a class of three candidates

on Thursday evening at the regu-

lar meeting of Aquidneck Grange

held at the town hall. There was also

a short patriotic program given by the

various members followed by light refreshments. At the next meeting,

July 28th, the program of Jane Bick

which was postponed on account of

Circus Day, will be presented under

the title of "Godlessness" Night by

Miss Mabel Nichols as Astoria, Miss

Mary Manchester as Pomona, and

Miss Florence Smith as Flora.

An Interesting Ceremony.

The famous "Bull Run gun," re-

cently presented to the state by Governor Sprague, will be transferred from

the arsenal on Benefit street in Providence to the state house on Tuesday, July 21. The announcement is officially made by the committee created

by the general assembly to carry

through the formalities. The date is

the forty-seventh anniversary of the

battle of Bull Run. Veteran organiza-

tions of Rhode Island regiments and bat-

teries, and all other veterans of the

ON THE FIRST BALLOT

Bryan Receives the Democratic Nomination For President

WILD SCENE IN CONVENTION

An All-Night Session, During Which Speeches For Candidates Were Made While Committee on Resolutions Was Deliberating—Delegates Carried Off Their Feet at Mention of Name and View of Immense Oil Painting of Nebraska-Nomination Held Up Until This Morning—Platform Adopted Just as Presented

Denver, July 10.—William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska was nominated for President of the United States on the first ballot shortly after 3 o'clock this morning by the National Democratic convention.

The speech placing Bryan in nomination awakened a demonstration, rattling in intensity the record-breaking tribute of Wednesday.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

The names of George Gray and Delaware and Governor Johnson of Minnesota were also placed in nomination, with demonstrations of approval from their limited followings. The tide of sentiment was unmistakably and overwhelmingly in favor of the Nebraska candidate.

The platform committee was not ready to report when the evening session began, and after listening to political oratory, the rules of procedure were suspended and the convention proceeded with the speeches, placing the candidates for president in nomination, with the understanding that the usual vote would be deferred until the platform had been adopted. The speech placing Bryan in nomination was made by Ignatius J. Dunn of Nebraska, a youthful orator of fire and eloquence, whose closing phrase stirred the huge assembly to a wild uproar.

"I nominate," he exclaimed, "as the standard-bearer of our party, the man who in the thrilling days of '08 and '00 bore the battle-scarred banner of Democracy with fame as untarnished as the crusaders of old—America's greatest commander, Nebraska's gifted son, William J. Bryan."

Mr. Dunn brought out the name of "William Jennings Bryan" with much dramatic force and the response from the great throng was electric. The delegates sprang up, the galleries followed suit, and the demonstration was quickly under way. A few minutes after the cheering began an immense oil painting of Bryan was lowered from behind a monster American shield which had reposed over the chairman's desk ever since the convention began. The appearance of the picture raised the enthusiasm.

When the noise had continued for just fifty-five minutes, the sergeants-at-arms began their first efforts to still the uproar and to clear the aisles. The word was given to messengers that it was desired that the paraders should cease. A message was sent to the band in the gallery to cease playing and it willingly obeyed the injunction, the players being almost exhausted by their severe work in the torrid gallery near the roof.

These measures had some effect, but it was impossible for such an uproar to die away in an instant. The states' standards in large measure were returned to their places and one hour after its commencement the excitement and noise were subduing. One hour and five minutes after Dunn had spoken his last words the hall was rapidly quieting down and the mass of delegates and spectators was seated.

Johnson and Gray Speeches.

The opportunity of the Johnson supporters came when the rollcall reached Connecticut and that state gave way to Minnesota. Winfield S. Hammond took the stand, amid a considerable volume of applause, to place in nomination John A. Johnson of Minnesota.

When Hammond concluded, the loyal sons of the North Star state responded with a cheer and a number of delegates in Massachusetts and Oklahoma's seats joined. Considerable applause came from the galleries but the noise was but a whisper compared with the roar of the Bryan demonstration.

While the cheers for Johnson were slowly dying out and the chairman was struggling with the obstreperous galleries, L. L. Handy of Delaware was waiting on the rostrum to nominate George J. Gray of his state. When he was given an opportunity and had spoken for a few minutes he was interrupted by the appearance of the lou-

waited committee on resolutions.

The seats reserved for the committee on the platform had long before been filled, and there was a considerable delay and much confusion before the spectators could vacant the chairs and surrender them to the committee.

After the committee had been provided with seats, Handy proceeded with his speech. Some cheering was heard when Handy had concluded, but there was no attempt at a Gray demonstration.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said the chairman, "I now have the pleasure of presenting to you the chairman of the committee on resolutions, Governor Haskell of Oklahoma."

The governor called forth loud cheers from the convention when he announced that there was no division among the members of the committee and that he represented them all in presenting the report. He then read the platform, which was as follows:

THE PLATFORM

We, the representatives of the Democrats of the United States, in national convention assembled, reaffirm our belief in and pledge our loyalty to the principles of the party.

We rebuke at the increasing signs of an awakening throughout the country. The various investigations have disclosed a political corruption to the representatives of predatory wealth and bad lands the misrepresentations methods by which they have secured election and preyed upon defenseless public through the subversive agencies whom they have enlisted to place and power.

The coherence of the nation is now tested to free the government from the grip of those who have made it a tool of the favor-seeking corporations. It must become again a people's government, and be adulterated in all its departments, according to the determination, of equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

"Hell the people rule!" is the overshadowing belief which manifests itself in all the questions now under discussion.

Economy in Administration.

The Republican congress in session just ended has voted appropriations amounting to \$1,000,000,000, exceeding the total expenditure of the past fiscal year by \$60,000,000 and leaving a deficit of more than \$60,000,000 for the fiscal year. We denounce the needless waste of the people's money which has resulted in this appalling increase as a shameful violation of all present conditions of government, as no less than a curse against the millions of workingmen and women from whose earnings the great proportion of these colossal sums must be extracted through excessive taxation and other indirect methods.

It is not surprising that, in the face of this shocking record, the Republican platform contains no reference to economy in the administration or proposed therein for the future. We demand that it shall be put to this freighted extravagance and laid upon the strictest economy in every department compatible with frugal and efficient administration.

Arbitrary Power of Speaker.

The house of representatives was dominated by the fact that the constitution to be the popular will of our government responsive to the popular will.

The house of representatives, as controlled by recent years by the Republican party, has ceased to be a deliberative and legislative body responsive to the will of a majority of its members, but has come under the absolute domination of the speaker, who has entire control of its deliberations and powers of legislation.

We have observed with interest the popular brand of legislation the government helped to obtain, either the consideration or enactment of measures desired by a majority of its members. Legislative government becomes a failure when one member in the person of the speaker is more powerful than the entire body.

We demand that the house of representatives shall again become a deliberative body, controlling the majority of the people's legislation, and not by the speaker and his party, pledged themselves to adopt new rules and regulations to govern the house of representatives as will enable a majority of its members to direct its deliberations and control legislation.

Misuse of Patronage.

We condemn the misuse of spirit of our institutions, an action of the present chief executive in using the patronage of his office to secure the nomination of one of his cabinet officers. A forced succession in the presidency is scarcely less repugnant to public sentiment than is life tenure in that office. No good intention on the part of the executive can be vindicated in the one selected case, but the establishment of a dynasty. The right of the people to freely select their officials is inalienable and cannot be delegated.

Publicity of Campaign Contributions.

We demand federal legislation forever terminating the partnership which has existed between corporations and the government, or limited agreement that in return for the contribution of great sums of money, given to purchase elections they should be allowed to continue substantially unopposed in their efforts to encroach upon the rights of the people.

A reasonable doubt as to the existence of this relation has been forever dispelled by the sworn testimony of the press examined in the Illinois investigation in New York and the open admission, unswayed by the Republican national committee, of a single individual who is himself at the personal request of the Republican candidate for the presidency raised over a quarter of a million dollars to be used in a single state during the closing hours of the last campaign. In order that this practice may be stopped for all time, we demand the passage of a statute punishing all implements, day officer or corporation who shall either contribute or behalf of, or consent to the contribution by a corporation, of any sum or thing of value to be used in furthering the election of a president or vice president of the United States or of any member of congress thereof.

We denounce the action of the Republican party having complete control of the federal government, the failure to pass the bill introduced in the last congress to compel the publication of the names of contributors and the amounts contributed to the congressional fund. As a further evidence of their intention to conduct their campaign in the coming contest with vast sums of money wrested from favor-seeking corporations, we call attention to the fact that the recent Republican national convention at Chicago refused, when the plank was presented to it, to declare against such practices.

We oppose the centralization implied in the various organizations, now frequently made, that the powers of the general government should be extended by judicial construction.

There is no bright zone between the nation and the state in which exploiting interests can take refuge from both, and it is as necessary that the federal government shall search the power delegated to it as that the state government shall use the authority reserved to it to make the federal remedies for the regulation of inter-state commerce and for the prevention of private monopoly shall be added to, not substituted for, state remedies.

The Rights of States.

Believing with Jefferson in the support of the state governments in all their rights as the most competent administrators for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwark against anti-Republican tendencies and in the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, we demand that the power at home and the safety abroad, we are opposed to the centralization implied in the various organizations, now frequently made, that the powers of the general government should be extended by judicial construction.

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The Tariff.

We welcome the honest promise of tariff reform now effected by the Republican party, in fair recognition of the right of self-government of the Democratic party on this question; but the people cannot safely entrust the execution of this important work to a party which is so deeply obligated to the highly protected interests as is the Republican party.

We favor immediate revision of the tariff by the reduction of import duties. Articles entering duty free or with the least control should be reduced upon the free list, and material reductions should be made in the tariff upon the necessities of life, especially upon articles competing with such American manufacturers as are well advanced.

The Civil Service.

The laws pertaining to the Civil Service should be honestly and rigidly enforced so that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion rather than services rendered to a particular party.

The Protection of American Citizens.

We pledge our services to isolate upon the land and sea the protection of our citizens and their families, and to use all proper methods to secure for them, whether naturalized or naturalized, and without distinction of race or creed, the equal protection of law and the enjoyment of all rights and privileges open to all under our treatment. We demand that all over the world a uniform passport issued by the government of the United States to an American citizen shall be proof of the fact that he is an American citizen, and shall entitle him to the treatment due him as such.

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Pensions.

We desire a pension system which

will provide for the dependents and relatives of veterans who may be necessary to relieve the country of the necessity of maintaining a large standing army.

Popular Election of Senators.

We favor the election of United States Senator by direct vote of the people. We regard this reform as the gateway to other national reforms.

Waterways.

Water furnishes the cheapest means of transportation, and the national government, having the control of navigable waters, should improve them to their fullest capacity.

We earnestly favor the immediate adoption of a liberal and comprehensive plan for improving every water course in the nation, which is justified by the needs of commerce, and to that end we propose five additional canals.

Second—A license system which will

protectively limit the right of each state to create corporations or its right to regulate it, will forbid an corporation to do business within its boundaries.

Third—A law preventing a duplication of

regulations among competing corporations.

Fourth—A license system which will

allow each state to regulate its own corporations.

Fifth—A law compelling such licensed

corporations to sell to all purchasers in all parts of the country on the same terms, after making due allowance for cost and transportation expenses.

The Democratic party stands for democracy. Bryan has drawn it to himself, that is aristocratic and plutocratic.

Railroad Regulation.

We assert the right of congress to exercise complete control of interstate commerce and the right of each state to exercise full control over commerce within its borders.

We demand such enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission as may be necessary to compel railroads to perform their duties as common carriers and prevent discrimination and extortion.

We favor the independent supervision and rate regulation of railroads engaged in interstate commerce, and to this end we recommend the validation of railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission, such validation to take into consideration the physical value of the property, the original cost of reproduction, and all elements of value that will render the valuation more fair and just.

We favor strict legislation as will prohibit the practices of railroads engaged in business, taking them into competition with steamship lines, after legislation which will assure such reduction in transportation rates as conditions will permit, and being taken to avoid regulations that would control reduction of wages, prevent adequate service or disfurnished equipment, or legitimate improvements. We heartily approve the laws prohibiting the practice of holding more than a single rate, and of holding more than a single rate for such services. That should prevent bar relating thereto is inadequate by reason of the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission is without power to fix or investigate a rate until complained of has been made to it by the shipper.

We favor such legislation as will increase the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, giving it the initiative with reference to rates and transportation charges just to be exacted by the railroad companies, and permitting the Interstate Commerce Commission to take such steps as it deems necessary to protect the interests of the general public. It has so linked the country to Wall Street that the size of the speculators are related upon the whole people. While refusing to restrict wealth producers from carrying the loads of the railroads and speculators, we are opposed to the submission of Asiatic immigrants who cannot be assimilated with our population, or whose presence among us would raise a race question and involve us in diplomatic complications.

Philippines.

We condemn the experiment to imperialize an insurrectionary island, which has involved us in an enormous expense, brought us weakness instead of strength, and left our nation open to the charge of abandoning a fundamental doctrine of self-government. We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippines Islands as soon as stable government can be established, with the dependence to be guaranteed to us as we guarantee the independence of Cuba, until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other powers.

In recognizing the independence of the Philippines, our government should retain only such land as may be necessary for coaling stations and naval bases.

Pan-American Relations.

The Democratic party recognizes the importance and advantage of closer ties of international friendship and commerce between the United States and the other nations of Latin America, and favors the taking of such steps as consistent with Democratic policies, for better acquaintance, greater mutual confidence, and larger exchange of trade as will bring lasting benefit not only to the United States, but to the group of American republics having constitutional forms of government and ambitions and interests akin to our own.

Asiatic Immigration.

We favor full protection by both national and state governments, with their respective units in the United States under treaty, but we are opposed to the admission of Asiatic immigrants who cannot be assimilated with our population, or whose presence among us would raise a race question and involve us in diplomatic complications.

The Democratic Stand.

The Democratic party is the champion of civil rights and opportunity to all the Republicans, but the party is the party of privilege and private monopoly. The Democratic party adheres to the policy of the average workman and to the progress of the average man; the Republican party is subservient to the comparatively few who are the beneficiaries of governmental favoritism.

We invite the cooperation of all, regardless of party, political affiliation, or past differences, who desire to promote the welfare of the people and for the people and for the government of the government we will insure, as far as human wisdom can, that every citizen shall draw from society a reward commensurate with his contribution to the welfare of society.

The reading of the platform was concluded at 12:30 o'clock this morning, Chairman Haskell having read for a few minutes less than an hour. "Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of the report," said Haskell, turning to the chairman. The motion was adopted and great cheering.

A Great Demonstration.

For one hour and twenty-six minutes 32,000 people united on Wednesday in a wild, overpowering, spontaneous storm of cheers for William J. Bryan. It was the greatest outburst of patriotic enthusiasm that the American continent has ever seen.

The enthusiastic tribute lasted one hour and nineteen minutes, with seven minutes more of the echoing echoes of clamor, establishing the convention record of an hour and twenty-six minutes, or full thirty-nine minutes in excess of Roosevelt's demonstration at Chicago, which held the record until yesterday.

It was a decisive exhibition of the overwhelming strength of the Bryan column and one of the most dramatic convention pictures ever presented as the standards of the states were torn from their moorings and borne through the hall until they stood together on the platform, like an army of banners, proclaiming their united allegiance to Bryan.

Amid this storm of Bryan demonstration the six standards of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Georgia, Minnesota, and Connecticut stood rooted in their places, the rallying points of little groups unmoved by the frenzied scenes about them. Throughout the hour and nineteen minutes the deafening roar contained, babbling, babbling in enthusiasm, women joining with the men in bearing the Bryan standards aloft, while the whole assemblage of 12,000 people joined in the tumultuous demonstration.

We have the eight-hour day, on all Government work.

We pledge the Democratic party to the amendment of the constitution extending the general employment liability act, covering injury to body or loss of life of employees.

We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law creating a department in the President's cabinet, which department shall include the subject of mines and mining.

The Navy.

The Constitutional provision that a navy shall be provided and maintained, seems adequate now, and we believe that the interests of the country would be best served by having a navy sufficient to defend the coast of this country, and protect American citizens wherever their rights may be in jeopardy.

Protection of American Citizens.

We pledge our services to isolate upon the land and sea the protection of our citizens and their families, and to use all proper methods to secure for them, whether naturalized or naturalized, and without distinction of race or creed, the equal protection of law and the enjoyment of all rights and privileges open to all under our treatment.

We demand that all over the world a uniform passport issued by the government of the United States to an American citizen shall be proof of the fact that he is an American citizen, and shall entitle him to the treatment due him as such.

Civil Service.

We welcome the honest promise of tariff reform now effected by the Republican party, in fair recognition of the right of self-government of the Democratic party on this question; but the people cannot safely entrust the execution of this important work to a party which is so deeply obligated to the highly protected interests as is the Republican party.

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A STORY OF HEROISM HIT THE WRONG BANK

Showing How Brave Men Can Calmly Meet Death.

WRECK OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

The Way This British Vessel Went Down Off the Cape of Good Hope. Most of the Crew Were Lost and All the Women and Children Saved.

Visitors to the hospital of the old pensioners at Chelsea will perhaps have noticed in the colonnade a simple memorial tablet, placed there by order of the late Queen Victoria to record the heroic constancy and discipline of the seafarers and soldiers who lost their lives in the wreck of the transport Birkenhead off the Cape of Good Hope on Feb. 20, 1852. On Jan. 7 in this year, after embarking reinforcements amounting to fifteen officers and 470 men for the troops engaged in the Kaffir war, the Birkenhead left Ireland for the cape. On board were also 100 women and children, the wives and families of soldiers. All went well till the transport reached Simon's Town, where 60 officers and eighteen men were landed. The ship continued her course on the evening of Feb. 26. But the captain in his anxiety for a quick passage unfortunately kept so close to the shore that during the night the ship got among the rocks which line the coast. About three miles off Danger point at 2 o'clock in the morning of the 27th, while all except those on watch were sleeping peacefully in their hammocks, the ship struck with a violent shock. The bulk of the men on board were young soldiers.

The rush of water on the Birkenhead striking was so great that most of the soldiers on the lower troop deck were drowned in their hammocks. The remainder, with all the officers, appeared on deck, many only partly dressed, and fell in as orderly and as quietly as on the barrack square. Calling the officers round him, Lieutenant Colonel Selon of the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, the senior officer on board, impressed on them the necessity for preserving order and silence among the men. The services of the next senior, Captain Wright, Ninety-first Highlanders, were placed at the disposal of the commander of the ship to carry out whatever orders he might consider essential.

Sixty men were put on the chain gang on the lower after deck and told off in three reliefs. Sixty more were put on to the tackles of the paddle box boats, and the remainder were brought on to the poop to save the lower part of the ship, as she was rolling heavily. The commander next ordered the officers' charges to be pitched out of the gangway. The plunging and tortured horses were got up and most over five of them managing to swim ashore. The cutter was then got ready for the women and children, who had been collected under the hoop davits, and they were passed to one by one. There being room in the boat for one or two more, the order was given for any trumpeter or bugler boy to be taken. A young drummer standing near was told by an officer to get into the boat, but, drawing himself up, exclaimed that he drew man's pay and would stick by his comrades. The cutter then shoved off in charge of one of the ship's officers, and the women and children were safe.

No sooner was the clear than the entire bow of the vessel broke off at the forecastle, the bowport going up in the air toward the foretopmast. The funnel also went over the side, carrying away the starboard paddle box and boat and crushing the men on the deck. The paddle box boat capsized on being lowered, and the large boat in the center of the ship could not be got up.

The men were then ordered on to the poop, where they stood calmly awaiting their fate. Within a few minutes the vessel broke in two, crumpling just abaft the engine room, and the stern began rapidly to fill. In this emergency the commander called out, "Those who can swim jump overboard and make for the boats!" but the officers begged the soldiers not to, as the boat with the women and children would be swamped. They were young men in the prime of life, with all before them, yet no one moved, nor did any sign of terror or fear escape them. Lower and lower sank the vessel into the deadly sea. The old transport shivered, gave a final plunge and disappeared, carrying with her the band of heroes on deck and those working below at the pumps.

Men of all ages and ranks they were—the colonel and the drummer boy, officers of gentle birth and men from the workshop, the plow and the mine, but all exhibited with the same heroic resolution, fortitude and chivalry—as cool as though they had been on their parade ground, with as much courage as in action in the field. A few managed to cling to the rigging of the mainmast, part of which remained out of water, while others got hold of floating pieces of wood and were eventually rescued, but of fourteen officers and 200 men no fewer than 120 officers and 300 men perished, many falling prey to the attacks of the sharks which surrounded the ship in shoals, waiting for their victims. Every woman and child was saved.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to the memory of the brave was the order of the king of Prussia for the account of the wreck of the Birkenhead to be read on three successive parades at the head of every regiment in his army, and it was spoken of in every school in Prussia and Germany.—London Globe.

Gathering Humanity.
Mrs. Beaumont, who thought the best solution to look after suffering humanity, is married, isn't she?"

"Right."
"I was surprised to learn that she had given up her solution in life." "The house. Her husband is going to be suffering humanity, hereafter."—Montreal Post.

Story of the Man Who Wanted to Open a Small Account.

A WALL STREET EXPERIENCE.

The Would Be Depositor of Modest Means Found Himself in a Place For Millionaires—An Official's Courteous Explanation and Advice.

"When," said the man who writes pieces for magazines and things, "by some strange and unprecedented chance, I had got hold of a master of \$300 all at once and the same time it looked big to me. By an even more curious chance there wasn't anything that I really needed to do with the money, so I decided that I'd bank it."

"Now, I knew in a general way that in order to put money in a bank you've got to be known and give your pedigree and look respectable, and all that, and I hated to approach a bank without any sort of credentials. Therefore I went to the business manager of a certain magazine, which occasionally prints pieces that I write and asked him what I'd better do."

"Simplest thing in the world," said "I'll give you a note to our bank."

"That sounded fine to me. He wrote me the note, and I started for the bank, a good deal tickled over how easy the little depositing proceeding had been."

"The bank to which I had the note is in Wall street. I asked the uniformed man who was standing around where I'd find the receiving teller's window, and he pointed that window out to me. I got into line and watched the teller take in money."

"I must own that I was a bit startled to note the great size of some of the deposits he was receiving. Why, fellows were giving the money to him by the handful. But I had my note in my pocket, and I remained complacent enough with that consciousness."

"When I reached the receiving teller I passed in my note, and the receiving teller, a decidedly civil young man, opened it and read it. Then he looked at me, after which he read the note again, this time with a sort of puzzled expression on his countenance. I didn't see why the receiving teller should be puzzled over such a simple matter, but puzzled he seemed. He rang a bell, and the uniformed man who'd directed me to that window appeared."

"Show this gentleman to the office of the cashier," said the receiving teller to the uniformed man, at the same time regarding me with a pleasant smile, and the uniformed man led me down the passageway and took me behind a railing where there was a handsome gray-haired gentleman sitting at a desk.

"The handsome gray-haired gentleman received me cordially and invited me to be seated. I handed him my note, which the receiving teller had returned to me, and he seated back in his chair and read it carefully. Then he too, looked puzzled after he'd read the note a second time. Then he looked at me pleasantly over the tops of his spectacles."

"Ahem," said the handsome gray-haired gentleman, not disagreeably, but in a nice, banker-like way. "Might I—excuse, Mr. Penphist, without seeming to be unduly inquisitive, as to how—large a—balance you would usually be carrying?"

"Well, that was a civil enough question, nothing inquisitive about it."

"Why, sir," I said to the handsome gray-haired gentleman, "as often as he could get that way, Father Dempsey tried all manner of means to get Delaney to quit drinking. At last he said to him:

"Delaney, my man, if you'll stop drinking for six months I'll give you a check at the end of that time for \$30."

"Indeed, if I stopped for six months I could write you a check for \$100," answered Delaney, and Father Dempsey in telling of it later added:

"And indeed he could, too, for he's a No. 1 mechanician"—St. Louis Post-Democrat.

A Rapid Rhymier.

In illustration of the working powers of George H. Sims, the dramatist and poet, it is said that one night a new piece was produced at a leading theater in London. Sims sat it out and then returned to his office, where he wrote a column and a half of criticism in rhyme. It was near the time for the paper to go to press when he began, and the boy took the piece verse by verse from him to the composing room, the boy walking continuously from one to the other for an hour.

A Hint to the Old Man.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large hearted and generous girl."

"I do, sir," with emotion, "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

Expressive.

One morning when little Edna's mamma came down to breakfast she was so hirsute she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, mamma," cried Edna, "what a sore voice you've got!"—Chicago News.

Simple.

Lawyer (at the theater on the first night)—I can't imagine how the piece can be drawn out into five acts. Author—Oh, that is very simple. In the first act, you see the hero gets into a lawsuit.

Chance For Imagination.

Newspaper men were to be excluded from a famous trial. "That's good," one of them remarked. "I hate to be hampered by facts in writing up a case of this kind!"—Exchange.

The Wife Did It All.

Hewitt—Couldn't you get the person you called up by telephone? Hewitt—Oh, yes. Hewitt—But I didn't hear you say anything. Hewitt—It was my wife I called.—New York Press.

Nothing possible better than the last, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

THE DUCKING STOOL.

How a "Scold" Used to Be Punished in Old England.

It is interesting to conjure up a picture of a "ducking stool" as practiced in England at the end of the eighteenth century.

When the "scold" had been properly tried and convicted, she was exposed by a crowd of her neighbors—in fact, by the whole village—to the nearest pond, and the greener and stouter the pond the better. A long plank was produced, at one end of which was the ducking stool, and in this the screaming, struggling victim was securely plied.

The chair end of the plank was then pushed far over the edge of the pond, and at signal it was tilted deep into the green nose until the scold was completely immersed.

When the dripping, half-drowned woman was raised to the surface again to the jeers and laughter of the onlookers it can be imagined that her tongue wagged to some purpose. After a second dose she emerged more subdued, and after a third or fourth she was as patient a woman as the village contained and was allowed to proceed home a sadder and wiser woman until the next time.—London Times.

DEFIED THE JUDGE.

A Fine For Voting That Susan B. Anthony Never Paid.

"It has been so many years ago that most people have forgotten that the late Susan B. Anthony was fined \$100 or a year's imprisonment for having dared to vote for General Grant for president," said a Chicago judge.

"Miss Anthony was as brave as she was intellectual and asked to be allowed to speak a word in her own behalf. Denial being given, she told the court of the struggle she had in keeping a little newspaper going from which she made her living. 'Your honor,' she said, holding up her right hand, 'I am due my creditors not less than \$1,000. This money I expect to live to pay, but I am willing this sum shall withdraw from my body before I pay the \$100 you have so unjustly assessed against me.'

"The court realized the deep seriousness of Miss Anthony's declaration, and though she could have been ordered to jail for nonpayment of the fine his honor did not have the nerve to enforce the extreme penalty. Miss Anthony lived for many years afterward its imposition, but the fine was never paid."—Baltimore American.

Cobra's Fatal Bite.

One of the deadliest snakes in India is the cobra, which claims hundreds of victims every year. An English official once saw one bite a fowl, and, being curious to know how long the venom took to act, he timed it with his watch. The moment the cock was touched it screamed, but at once ran off to its mate and began picking at it nothing was wrong. In thirty seconds the comb and wattles changed from red to black. In two minutes it began to stagger and fall down in convulsions, struggling violently until it died, three minutes and a half after it had been bitten. On plucking the fowl a wound not bigger than a pin prick was found at the extreme end of the wing. Round this spot the color was very dark, but the rest of the bird's body, excepting comb and wattles, was of a natural color.

The Bribe That Failed.

Among Father Dempsey's steady boarders was a fellow named Delaney. He was drunk as often as he could get that way. Father Dempsey tried all manner of means to get Delaney to quit drinking. At last he said to him:

"Delaney, my man, if you'll stop drinking for six months I'll give you a check at the end of that time for \$30."

"Indeed, if I stopped for six months I could write you a check for \$100," answered Delaney, and Father Dempsey in telling of it later added:

"And indeed he could, too, for he's a No. 1 mechanician"—St. Louis Post-Democrat.

A Rapid Rhymier.

In illustration of the working powers of George H. Sims, the dramatist and poet, it is said that one night a new piece was produced at a leading theater in London. Sims sat it out and then returned to his office, where he wrote a column and a half of criticism in rhyme. It was near the time for the paper to go to press when he began, and the boy took the piece verse by verse from him to the composing room, the boy walking continuously from one to the other for an hour.

A Hint to the Old Man.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large hearted and generous girl."

"I do, sir," with emotion, "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

Expressive.

One morning when little Edna's mamma came down to breakfast she was so hirsute she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, mamma," cried Edna, "what a sore voice you've got!"—Chicago News.

Simple.

Lawyer (at the theater on the first night)—I can't imagine how the piece can be drawn out into five acts. Author—Oh, that is very simple. In the first act, you see the hero gets into a lawsuit.

Chance For Imagination.

Newspaper men were to be excluded from a famous trial. "That's good," one of them remarked. "I hate to be hampered by facts in writing up a case of this kind!"—Exchange.

The Wife Did It All.

Hewitt—Couldn't you get the person you called up by telephone? Hewitt—Oh, yes. Hewitt—But I didn't hear you say anything. Hewitt—It was my wife I called.—New York Press.

Nothing possible better than the last, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

ARTISTS' BLUNDERS.

A Procession of Monks That Adam and Eve Enjoyed.

Among the most amusing "breaks" by artists is a landscape by Turner, in which a rainbow is depicted behind the sun. This occasioned almost as much humorous comment in English art circles as did the slip of Constant, the great French artist, who in his portrait of Queen Victoria painted the ribbon of the Order of the Garter the wrong color.

A picture of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden hung in the gallery of the Gusti, in Lisbon, represents the first couple as watching a procession of monks.

In the famous galleries at Antwerp are certain pictures of old masters in which the "jumble of ideas" is as remarkable as the technique is fine. In one picture of heaven the archangels are armed with bows and arrows, and in a celebrated painting of "The Murder of the Innocents" the massacre is represented as taking place in a city of Holland. The parents of the children are stout burghers, the Roman soldiers are Dutch policemen armed with muskets, and the innocent infants are transformed into soldiery boys in bulky wooden trousers and jackets and high-heeled shoes.

SOMNAMBULISM.

Some of the Curious Things Done by Sleepwalkers.

Many years ago an archbishop of Bordeaux attested the ease of a young ecclesiastic who was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism, and, taking pen, ink and paper, composing and writing his sermons. When he finished one page he would read and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made use of his eyes the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper upon which he was writing, but he continued to write on without being in the least inconvenienced.

It is related of Negretti, a sleepwalker, that he would sometimes carry a lighted candle, as if to give him light in his employment, but, on a bottle being substituted, he took it and carried it without apparently noticing the difference.

Another somnambulist would dress in his sleep and go to the cellar, where it was pitch dark, and draw wine from the cask without walking into anything and without spilling a drop of the wine, but if he happened to knock in the cellar he had great difficulty in groping his way out.—Exchange.

Another Kind.

When Johnny Hobbs left his home up among the New Hampshire hills to visit his grandmother in Worcester, Mass., he was cautioned by his mother that he would find things in the city strangely different from those at home.

Johnny arrived in the early afternoon, and, long before tea time his grandmother, who lived most simply, took him to run out to the pantry and get a bowl of milk which she had left there for a hungry boy.

A moment later she followed him and, to her amazement, beheld her grandmother busily at work on a bowl of sperm-oat tea which she had forgotten to put in the place where she had told him to find the milk.

"Why, child," she cried, seizing the bowl from poor Johnny, "don't you know this isn't milk?"

"I—I know it wasn't like Hilbury milk," stammered Johnny, with a dual gape, "but I thought maybe it was the kind folks had in Worcester."

A Musical Spider.

The extraordinary musical sensitivity of spiders has several times been proved. Every one has heard of Pelegmon's spider. Consoler of the unfortunate prisoner, it perished because it listened too closely to the captive's violin. The fiddler saw it and crushed it brutally. Gretry, the composer, speaks of a favorite spider which descended along its thread upon his piano as soon as he played it. When giving recitals at Brussels Rubinstein saw a large spider issue from the door of the platform and listen to the music. He gave three concerts at the same hall, and on each occasion the spider appeared.

Ask the Information Man.

Questions the Traveler Wants Answered.

It appeared to be a very busy time for the telegraphic young man standing behind the Jersey City station window marked "Bureau of Information."

The train announced with the perfectly clear voice and the faultless enunciation was going through the station waiting room, delivering himself of the following entirely lucid utterance:

"The express train for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, departing at 1:45 is now open, and it is now 1:40 o'clock. Passengers for this express train for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington may now pass through Gate Number Four for that train."

Nevertheless a stodgy, fussy looking woman of indefinite age who had been intently regarding the train announced seemed to believe that he was not telling the truth. She rushed up to the young man behind the broad of information window and demanded of him:

"What time did that man say the train for Philadelphia went?"

"One fifty-five, madam," said the informer.

"Oh, he did, did he?" said the stodgy woman rapidly. "And what time did he say it was now?"

"That clock up there is right, madam," said the informative young man, pointing to the clock.

"How do I know that old clock's right?" she got right back at him, without looking at the clock. "I ask you again, what time did that man say it was?"

"He said it was 1:40, madam, but it is now 1:45," replied the answer man.

"Huh!—1:45, and the train goes in ten minutes," calculated the fussy woman. "Look here, young man, will I have time to go and get me an ice cream soda? Do they keep ice cream soda in the station? I am perspiring for an ice cream soda."

"Yes, there is a soda fountain over yonder in the restaurant, and they keep ice cream sodas; and you might have time to get it, madam; if you were back about it; but I believe I wouldn't take any chance on it, for there's generally a crowd around the soda fountain these hot days, and may be you might get—"

"Well, they'll serve folks first that have got trains to catch, I guess, won't they?" she cut in on him.

"You can search—I mean, I really don't know," the answerer replied, shifting to the other leg. By this time four or five other persons were lined up behind the fussy woman, waiting to get a crack at the answer man.

"Huh! And you call this a bureau of information!" the stodgy woman sniffling. "If you don't know whether they'll serve folks first that have trains to—"

"Madam, if you are going to take that 1:55 train I would advise you to pass through gate 4 and get aboard," the young man politely warned her. "It is now 1:40, and—"

"Yes, and here we've kept me talking all this time when I might have gone and got me an ice cream soda," respectfully replied in the fussy woman, and then she picked up her traps and rushed for the gate at a wedding cauter.

Next in the line was a woman with very high cheekbones and a somewhat limp and soiled looking lingerie hat. "Do all of them trains for Atlantic City go right straight through?" she asked after a racy tops.

"They do not, madam," replied the answer man. "Some of them go straight through by the bridge route. Others only go to Philadelphia, change for Canada."

"Sugar! Why don't they all go right through?" she asked peevishly.

The young man had no reply for this.

"Why don't they?" the woman insisted.

"I don't know," he replied patiently.

"Why, I thought you knew everything," she said then. "Ain't you the bureau of information?"

"I only work behind this window, madam. I don't arrange the policy of the road," he replied.

"Now, don't you see me, young man?" she rapped out menacingly. And then she became quite amiable again.

"Do you know of a nice place to stop at in Atlantic City, young man?" she asked him.

He might well have been staggered by the hopeless immensity of this question, but he wasn't. He is often asked that same question, he says privately.

"It wouldn't be easy for me to recommend any one place, madam," he replied, "seeing that there are something like a thousand hotels and perhaps a couple of thousand boarding houses down there."

"But I mean some place that is cheap and nice and close to the water," she persisted.

The answer man named a couple of hotels "close to the water," where you can get into one of the smaller rooms for about \$6 a day. European plan, at the height of the season. If you're lucky.

"How much do these places charge?" the woman inquired.

"Oh, from six a day up, without board," the young man replied, a bit mirthlessly. "But they're pretty nice."

"Six dollars a day, without board?" the woman almost shrieked. "Why, takes alive, man, that's all I intend to pay a week with board!"

"Yes?" said the answer man. "Well, I hope you succeed in finding some nice place for that money," and, somehow or another, there wasn't a bit of sarcasm in his tone, either. Answer men are not allowed to be sarcastic.

"Well, if I don't, I can see myself coming right across back to Utica," snarped the woman with the high cheekbones, and, she looked as if she assuredly meant it too. "Six dollars a day for a room without board—who ever heard of such nonsense?" and she snatched her valise from the floor as if she imagined the handle to be one of the ears of an Atlantic City landmark.

Presently a man with a face bronzed almost to match his reddish beard, wearing perfectly obvious store clothes of black, and with one of those occasionally recurring black glazed bags of the Centennial era, appeared at the window.

"Podner," he inquired, poking his head well within the window, "when do I get into Seattle?"

"This, it will seem, was a poem." "I'm sure I couldn't tell you, sir," was the polite reply, "unless you give me some sort of an idea of when you're going to start for Seattle."

"I'm going right away—on this year train," replied the bronzed man, in a surprised tone, "as if I considered it remarkable that the answer man didn't

know all about Seattle. "I'm off right now."

"Let's see your ticket, please, and I'll tell you when you get there," said the answer man, and after examining the ticket and rapidly glancing over some time later at his hand, "You'll arrive in Seattle on Monday afternoon next at 2:30," he added.

"Gee whiz, that's some ridein'," said the bronzed one proudly. "Say, son, they may it rain a heap out in Seattle. D'ye reckon it'll be rainin' when I get there?"

The answer man replied that he really didn't know whether this was the rainy season in the Puget Sound country or not, and the man with the black glazed bag picked that article up and went away with a look at the answer man that denoted considerable doubt in his mind as to the competency of his mind to be the competitor for it.

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Inside a Submarine.

An Interesting Experience and One Not Easy to Secure.

From "The Underwater Sailor and His Boat," in July Mc. Nichols.

Climbing down the range of an iron ladder into the interior of a submarine is like going into a boiler shop where there is one continuous, deafening, ear-splitting racket, like a dozen triphammers chattering a tattoo amid a grind and ramble and thump of machinery as if especially designed to burst your eardrums. At the end of the noise is a deep, low roar that carries into the narrow confined space is painful and bewildering. To make yourself at all heard you must shout into the ear of a companion. So intense is the strain that you marvel how day in and day out human ears can withstand the ordeal.

You find yourself inside what seems an enormous steel cigar, painted a neat pearl gray, a color which is serviceable and does not dazzle the eye.

Light comes to you partly through portholes and in part from incandescent lamps placed fore and aft in the darker parts of the hull. You have expected, of course, to land in a tangle of whirling machinery that fills the interior of the boat from stem to stern threatening with every revolution to take an arm or a leg off. Instead, the first thing you see is an uninterrupted "working space" or deck, measuring seven feet by twenty-five or thirty feet.

At the stern, far in the background, are the machines and engines; in fact, this section of the vessel is nothing but machinery, a rumbling mass of silvery steel and glittering brass revolving at the rate of 500 times a minute, so compact that you wonder how the various parts turn without conflicting, or how it is possible for human hands to squeeze through the nose to the machinery.

But this economy of space is nothing to what you will see. The floor you stand on is a cover for the cells of the storage batteries wherein is pent up the electricity with which your boat will propel herself when she runs submerged. The walls surround and the spaces in the bow are gigantic balloon tanks to be filled with water that will play a part shortly when you get ready to dive. The four torpedoes, measuring sixteen feet three inches long, sixteen inches in diameter, and weighing fifteen hundred pounds each, are lashed end for end to points at either side, and directly over them are tool boxes, and bigger bulkheads for the crew to sleep in. The very air which is taken along to keep life in you in case the boat should be detained beneath the surface longer than usual, is compressed in a steel cylinder to two thousand pounds per square inch—a pressure so intense that were the cylinder to spring a leak no larger than a pin-hole and were the tiny stream of escaping air to strike a human being, it would penetrate him through and through and drill a hole through an inch-thick board behind him.

And yet everything about the interior arrangements of this boat is so simple that you can see at a glance its purpose. Away forward, where the tip of the cigar comes to a point, are the two torpedo tubes out of which the gunner will send his deadly projectiles whizzing beneath the waves at the rate of thirty-five knots an hour against an unsuspecting bull. Directly under the conning tower is a platform three feet square and elevated three feet from the deck, upon which the captain stands, head and shoulders extending into the tower so that while at his post he is visible to the crew only from the waist down; and at the feet of the captain, and on a level with his platform, in the station of the second in command, in charge of the wheel that controls the diving rudders and the gears that register the angle of ascent and descent, and show how deep the boat is down. The two officers are in personal communication so that in case of heat disease or other mishap either can jump to the other man's place.

A Forest of Stone in Australia.

In Albany, in Australia, is to be seen a stone forest, in other words, petrified trees. The trees are of a gray stone. It is suggested as an explanation of the strange phenomenon that in the depths of past ages the forest was in full vegetation, and then through some upheaval of the earth, it was buried in sand. Little by little water acting on the sand penetrated the branches and solidified. The wood gradually disappeared under the layer of stone and in time took its form. Then, in succeeding years the winds again carried away the sand, and the forest appeared anew, but of stone.

"Shave, sir?" said I.

"No," said he. "Broast out, Yale boy."

"On the Mornin'—Ah, darling, I can see the lovelight in your eyes."

The Bride—Don't be silly, George. There is nothing in my eyes but clowns.

The Bride—George, I am a clowns.

On The Honeymoon.

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